

THE ARGUS.

Published daily at 1624 Second avenue, Rock Island, Ill. (Entered at the postoffice as second-class matter.)
Rock Island Member of the Associated Press.

BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

TERMS—Ten cents per week by carrier in Rock Island; \$3 per year by mail in advance.

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Telephones in all departments. Central Union, Rock Island 145, 1145 and 5145.



Monday, May 25, 1914.

If the automobile larceny industry is not checked soon, it may be necessary for people to chain up their planes.

Huerta is said to be executing all his political enemies he can get hold of, his object doubtless being to leave fewer to chase when there is nothing left for him but to run for it.

The best evidence of dull times comes from Michigan, where the people have nothing to do but sign petitions asking congress to recognize Doc Cook as the discoverer of the north pole.

Aledo has just completed the removal of 44 shed awnings over the sidewalks in front of places of business. Evidently the swinging sign will not have much of a show in that town.

Apparently the "drys" of Preston, Minn., are broad gauged. If they had been otherwise, instead of helping put out the fire which threatened the brewery they would have let the institution burn and have made a Roman holiday of it to boot.

Speaking of free seed distribution our national congress has nothing on the cottonwood. If every seed produced in Rock Island grew there would be a million young trees started on every lot every summer. And nature sees to it that each lot gets its million, more or less.

In refusing to consult with Judge Ben Lindsey on the Colorado mine situation John D. Rockefeller, Jr., places himself in the position of the defendant in court who refuses to testify because afraid of giving self-incriminating evidence. The public will have about as much sympathy for the one as for the other.

No millionaire endowed school has anything on the University of Minnesota in snobbishness. In that institution it is said that the student working his way through is systematically discouraged by heaping assignments upon him till he is unable to carry the load. And the tax payers are making up the annual deficit of the school.

A local automobile salesman complains that the life of the dealer in his line is made miserable by the tendency among automobile owners to try to get something for nothing. Base ingratitude. What other method is left to the average owner when the dealer has taken all his money and probably has a mortgage on his home, as well?

The American people are proud in the belief that the Panama canal is one great enterprise which has been built honestly, as human affairs go, and their faith will not be materially lessened by the prosecution of employees of a Pittsburgh steel company for conspiring to furnish inferior material for the construction of the locks and gates. This case merely serves to demonstrate that the government has been vigilant in safeguarding its interests.

WATERING THE LAWN.

Bad watering is the cause of almost as many poor lawns as droughts, according to the landscape gardener of the U. S. department of agriculture. Frequent watering of merely the surface of the grass, makes the roots of the grass grow near the surface, and these roots should be made to grow down as deeply as possible in order to secure a fine lawn that will resist the hottest weather of summer.

The best method of watering the grass is to apply a spray for from 6 to 12 hours, the stream being so gentle that water will not collect in sufficient quantities to run off. The water will then sink down into the soil and the roots will grow to a greater depth. When this method is used, the lawn should not be watered oftener than twice a week and then the ground should be soaked, so that the water penetrates for several hours beneath the surface. As a general rule, watering once a week is sufficient to keep a lawn in good condition.

The man who enjoys watering his lawn in the evening for a half hour after returning from work will probably prefer this method to leaving the stream on for a number of hours once a week. If he will divide his lawn area in six parts and confine his attention to a different part each evening he will obtain practically the same results in the long run. Haphazard watering every evening is not advisable. He should be careful, also to use

merely a gentle spray, and not continue watering to such an extent that water runs off, as such water does no good. In fact, it may do harm, for it may remove loose dirt from the grass roots and expose them to drought. The strong stream of a hose should not be used, as it helps to expose the roots unnecessarily.

Many people wonder why drought dries up their lawns in July after they have taken what they consider to be good care of them. The combination of hot winds and dry weather makes July undoubtedly the hardest month there, and when the roots of the grass are encouraged to grow near the surface by bad watering, and the loose dirt is also removed from them by a hose of strong water power, the results are more disastrous than if the lawn had been left alone.

THE 1600 BLOCK.

The marked improvements which have been made in the 1600 block have been accomplished through the unselfish co-operation of the business men there. Most of these men have not only worked hard to bring about these desirable results, but they have also given of their money and made personal sacrifices.

One has but to pass along Second avenue through the block to gain a fair idea of what has been done. There isn't a prettier, brighter, more attractive or up-to-date shopping district anywhere in any city of Rock Island's class than the 1600 merchants by their united enterprise have created. It has been a remarkable transformation and while it has taken place in a few weeks it has nevertheless involved a great deal of hard work and often a sacrifice of individual ideas and interests.

It merely serves to show once more that to get results it is only necessary to pull together and turn a deaf ear to the pessimist and the knocker. This the 1600 business men have done and for it they are entitled to the highest praise. They have accomplished more for the general advancement of Rock Island as a shopping center than the business men in any other given locality have ever done in a like period and the example they have set promises to be a source of inspiration elsewhere and thereby to be the means of conferring still greater benefits upon the city as a whole.

The 1600 block with pride calls attention to the fact that it has had the courage to take down its swinging signs. It invites attention to the fact that with its white fronts and improved illumination it has turned night into veritable day and it asks the co-operation of the public in making its dedication exercises Wednesday evening the success that they deserve to be. Business men who can accomplish in so short a time such marked visible results may be relied upon to study and know the needs of the buying public and to make a fair, intelligent and honest effort to supply them.

TIME TO WASH OUR EARS.

There can be no serious opposition to a program such as is suggested by the Rock Island Rotary club, which aims to keep the city clean all the time instead of having but one thorough renovation in a year. Imagine the consequences if such a policy as is now followed were observed by a housekeeper or by an individual in the care of his person.

The municipal house is not different from the ordinary dwelling in the necessity for frequent cleaning except that the need is more pressing than in the case of the average domicile. In the latter ordinarily there is some effort to keep the dirt picked up and carried out, while in our municipal house a great many make a practice, so to speak, of wiping their feet on the hall rug, muzzling up the furniture and windows with greasy fingers, littering up the floor with ashes, cigar butts, matches, etc., and even letting the garbage rot in the kitchen sink.

The time has come when such conditions are intolerable in a city which has any civic pride and which aims to invite comparison with other municipalities. Rock Island has reached a stage in its development where self-respect demands more attention to appearances.

As one who is interested in the movement for cleaner alleys and streets put it the other day:

"Let's wash our neck and ears and keep them clean from now on."

OPTIMISM AND HEALTH.

To look on the bright side of life and its affairs with an enthusiastic belief that everything is all right and for the best is ideal. This is especially true as it applies to those who come into contact with the sick. A physician, above all men should be an optimist—ready to stimulate hope even though he may not have it himself. Hopefulness in the countenance and optimism in the words and actions of the physician are as sunshine in the sick-room; they stimulate hopefulness of recovery in the sick and a courage that often has potent influence for good. Even when recovery is not possible the Journal of the American Medical Association thinks that good, not harm, is done. They make life worth living while it lasts. The psychic influence is always felt so long as consciousness remains. Paget speaking of hypochondriacs says, "Your chances of doing good will depend mainly on the skill with which you can influence the patient's mind; for of the components of his case the mental condition is the worst."

Foiled.

Billy Miller says a friend of his has been trying for two months to sell his automobile. "But he couldn't," reports the veracious Mr. Miller. "He cut the price down to almost nothing and didn't get a bite. So the other day he got desperate and put this advertisement in the paper."

"I've rented a ten acre field opposite my house. In that field I shall

FIRST AID TO THE BURNED

(From the Fire Alarm.)

More than six thousand people are burned to death every year and many times that number are seriously burned. A burn of the "first degree," as a doctor would say, affects only the external horny layer of the skin, which is composed of minute fish-like scales. Such a burn is red, hot and painfully tender. When the damage is repaired by the formation of a new horny layer the overlying burned surface peels off.

The pain from such a burn can be relieved by excluding the air from it. Cotton or flax moistened in a pint of water to which a teaspoonful of baking soda has been added is an excellent household remedy. If there be no soda at hand air may be excluded by covering the burned surface with sweet oil. Many mothers use scrapings of raw potatoes; others use flour.

Any burn, even one that only reddens the skin, which involves a large part of the body, is dangerous to life through shock. In such a case a doctor should be sent for. While awaiting for his arrival the burned area must be protected from the air. Most of the slight but extensive burns are from explosions of gas and gasoline in which the excessive heat is applied only during a flash.

In burns of the second degree there are blisters formed by the pouring out of water from the blood to cool the overheated area. Any clothing over a blistered surface should be removed with great care not to break the blister. A blister should be pricked with a needle point near its margin and the dead skin which formed it should be protected while new skin grows under it.

Burns of this kind should have put on them soft rags, or cotton, dipped in carbol oil, which can be had at any drug store, or by cloths smeared with tallow. Over the cloths a bandage should be put.

Burns of the third degree destroy

the life in all three of the layers of the skin and sometimes of the flesh beneath. The burned skin is inelastic. Nature gradually separates the dead from the living tissues. Such burns always leave disfiguring scars and if about a joint may permanently impair its movements. While awaiting the arrival of a doctor such burns should be wrapped with a blanket or the victim put in a bathtub filled with warm water. The not uncommon practice of holding a burnt member near a flame "to draw the fire out of it" is as painful as it is foolish.

The large majority of the deep burns are suffered by persons whose clothing gets afire. In these instances the excessive heat is long maintained.

Scalds or burns from very hot water are not likely to be deep for the water does not remain long in contact with the skin. A thick fluid makes a deeper burn. Those who have had the happiness of string the apple butter to keep it from being scorched while it boiled will appreciate the last statement.

Both burns and scalds are most dangerous to children if on the chest.

Water will scald long before it gets as hot as a flame. Water heated to 130 degrees is as painful to one's hand as the blaze from a match which is 600 to 1,100 degrees. Passing a hand through a blaze that hot gives little pain but one would drop a pan heated to 175 degrees.

A woman whose clothing has taken fire should seize quickly some woolen or heavy material, wrap it about her and roll on the floor. Nearly always there is time to reach a shawl or overcoat or lounge cover or bedding or portier. This is the most effective method.

A child with clothes ignited will run and scream. The running fans the blaze and the respiration preceding each scream draws the heat of the flame into the lungs. A child, or an adult, with burning clothing should be wrapped, thrown down and rolled.

Here's a Western Farm For You

A census of the farm units on the several irrigation projects of the government was taken recently. It showed that very satisfactory progress is being made in securing settlers. Included in the 25 projects are approximately 26,000 occupied farms varying in size from 5 to 160 acres each, and 454 units of 40 to 80 acres each still open to entry. These farms are located as follows:

Idaho, Minidoka project 58; Montana, Huntley project 42, Lower Yellowstone project 18, Sun River project 45; Nebraska, North Platte project 23; South Dakota, Belle Fourche project 65; Wyoming, Shoshone project 203.

These vacant farms offer attractive opportunities for settlers with some capital to establish homes. The land is surrounded by well tilled farms, the neighborhood is compact and school and social organizations are first class. The pioneering stage on these projects is over and agriculture is on a sound and practical basis. On all of the projects the transportation facilities are good and the farms are all within reasonable distance of towns and shipping stations. The average man should have about \$2,500 in cash and equipment. While many settlers undoubtedly have started with less and are succeeding, experience has shown that success is much more easily attained by those who start with enough to quickly prepare their lands for crops. To all inquiries addressed to the statistician of the reclamation service at Washington, D. C., the advice is given not to attempt to subdue a desert farm without sufficient money to provide for the needs of a family for two years and for the preparation of the land, erection of buildings and purchase of live stock. The literature of the government fully describes the farms now open to entry, cost of water right and terms of payment. Spring crop reports on all these projects are extremely encouraging and indicate the best season since water was made available for the lands. These 454 farms are awaiting the homeseekers who are looking for an opportunity to establish independent homes.

place the car I have been trying to sell. The first man to that car after 6 o'clock tomorrow morning may have it."

"And what happened?" you ask Mr. Miller.

"Well," says the young man, "my friend woke up early the next morning and looked out, and there in the field were four other cars."—Herbert Corey in New York Globe.

Philadelphia, May 25.—A novelty in merchandising will be inaugurated by John Wanamaker, who announced yesterday that his department store here and in New York would be closed all day on Saturdays in July and August. This will give thousands of employees two full days of rest each week.

Wanamaker was the first big merchant in this city to close his store on summer Saturday afternoons.

Bed Time Tales

By Clara Ingram Judson.

The Butterfly Cocoon

A TINY little fairy once got tired of playing around the world in the usual fashion. "I don't think it's much fun just playing with sunbeams and opening flowers and all the regular things that fairies always do," he said to himself, "I think I'll find me a new job."

"A new job?" asked a fairy. "Dear me I should think there were enough jobs for a fairy to do without hunting a new one."

"I guess there are," the first fairy agreed, "but you see I am tired of doing old ones and I'm going to find a new one all of my own."

"So he started out in the world in search of his job. He went around through the yards, he searched through the gardens but never did he find a task that quite suited him. Till one warm sunny morning he spied on a leaf before him, a funny little brown roll. "I don't believe I ever saw one of those before," he said as he examined it carefully. "I wonder what it can be."

He walked all around it and touched it carefully with his fingers. "It doesn't seem to move, I don't believe it's alive and yet it isn't a leaf. I wonder if I can kick it off of this leaf that it's fastened on."

He kicked it gently with his toe but nothing happened. "I think I will make it my job," he decided, "to find what this brown thing is and what it's for."

So he sat down beside it to watch and wait. Hardly had he settled himself comfortably when he heard a funny little stirr sound. "What's that?" he asked, but the sound had stopped. He kept very quiet for a few minutes and again heard the stir. "That's inside that brown roll," he declared. "I think something is going to happen. I am going to stay right here and watch."

He walked 'round and 'round the funny little brown roll and he watched it as carefully as he could. From time to time the sound of a small stir came from the inside of the roll.

"I think there's something inside of that brown roll," the fairy decided to himself, "and I think I'll make it my business to let that something out."

He walked to the end of the roll and carefully tore a tiny opening. "Hello in there," he called through the opening. There was no answer. Only again the soft little stirr sound was heard. "Hello, does anybody want to get out?" called the fairy. No answer. "Just the same," the fairy said to himself, "I think there is something in there and I think I'm going to let it out."



The little fairy climbed on the brown roll and together they flew away.

So he went to work with both hands and tore open one end of the long brown roll. Then he stepped aside in amazement for out of that tiny opening there crawled the most gorgeous big butterfly the fairy had ever seen.

"Thank you very much, Friend Fairy," the butterfly said when he had shaken free his beautiful big wings. "I have been stirring around there for some time but I couldn't quite get out of my cocoon. I am very glad you helped me."

"You are welcome indeed," replied the fairy delightedly, and he climbed on the butterfly's back and together they flew away into the big outdoors.

Tomorrow—Cherry Blossoms.

The ONLOOKER
BY HENRY HOWLAND
WORDS

An amplified edition of one of the dictionaries will contain definitions of 100,000 more words than are to be found in any previous work.

We keep forever coining words, our language broadens day by day.

New phrases have to be put forth to fit the things we wish to say. The words our fathers used are not enough to make our meaning clear.

Yes, do we think more than they did when they were still on duty here?

We keep demanding newer words, we coin them to supply our needs. But do they help us in the least to rise to nobler, fairer deeds? And do they help in any way to spread the blessing of good will. Or aid those who have naught to say in splendid efforts to keep still?

We keep supplying newer words, but does our kindness grow apace? Has any of the latest words brought gladness to a careworn face? We shape new words to suit our needs, but still the loveliness is apart. And use the old, old words to tell the yearnings which they have at heart.

Love Letters.

Richard Wightman has placed upon our desk a copy of his book, "The Things He Wrote to Her," the same being a bundle of letters written by a man to a woman with whom he fell in love at first sight. The author explains in a foreword that "the hard hands of conventionality and what is called Law built high fences between" the man and the woman in the story. Well, did they permit the fences to keep them apart? We are pledged to secrecy on that point. It may be said, however, that along toward the end of the book the man writes:

"I love your hidden years, the years about which I do not know. I love the prospect with you of what is called old age. I love you for the way you look into my eyes, sailing your very self into the harbor of my longing."

Mr. Wightman knows how to write love letters, sometimes an important accomplishment.

Why He Quit.

"Bondsonby has given up smoking."

"Impossible. He's been a slave to the habit for years."

"He's given it up, all right."

"Why? Did the doctor order him to do it on account of his nerves?"

"No, I don't believe so; but you know that peach of a stenographer he's had for the past few weeks? Well, I happened to overhear her say one day, when Bondsonby was listening, that she would be as willing to kiss a pig as to kiss a man who was always smoking."

One Good Thing.

"Well," said Adam, after the trouble in connection with the apple had occurred, "I'm mighty glad of one thing, anyhow."

"What's that?" asked Eve.

"It isn't going to be necessary for a member of the family to lie by telling reporters I'm not at home."

DOMESTIC DIPLOMACY.

"Is Mrs. Gaddison at home?" asked the lady at the door.

"What's your name, please?" demanded the maid.

"I am Mrs. Walker."

"Oh, No, she isn't in this afternoon."

A Mean Man.

Come into the garden, Maud, And let us up and hoe. Endeavor to find among the weeds The tender sprouts that have come from the seeds.

We planted six weeks ago.

The mosquitoes are waiting, Maud, They are waiting in flocks out there; Come into the garden, Maud, dear, They may let me alone if you linger near.

With neck and elbows bare.

A Hit.

"They say Migglesworth made a great hit as toastmaster at the merchants' banquet the other night."

"Yes. In introducing the speakers he never made his speeches any longer than the speeches of the speakers were to be."

A Cynic's Remark.

"Let us," said the social reformer, "try to save our boys."

"I guess," said a cynic in the audience, "he must live next door to a family that has only girls."

Pride.

"She seems to be awfully stuck-up."

"Her husband once tried to kill a man on her account."

Mrs. Wheeler's family and the new baby were being freely discussed by their next door neighbor.

"Isn't it strange they didn't name the baby after her rich uncle?" said one.

"No; he looked at it and said he'd give them \$15,000 not to."—Lippincott's.

The Daily Story

A Siren—By F. A. Mitchell.

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The First Congregational church of Halseyville experienced great difficulty in retaining a minister.

Indirectly the small salary was the cause of the trouble. It was but \$600 a year, and no man could be found to accept it except some recent graduate just beginning his life work. These young men were all bachelors. There was a girl in the congregation, Miss Beatrix Severance, daughter of the managing deacon, who as soon as a young man fresh from a theological seminary took up the duties of pastor began to weave about him a spell. He would gradually become devoted, then on one pretext or another would hand in his resignation and leave for another field.

A few of the parishioners who were in the secret advocated securing a married man for pastor. Acting on the suggestion, they "failed." A man with a wife and six children. But the salary was so small that the more prosperous members of the congregation were continually compelled to put their hands in their pockets to help the family out. Fairs and donation parties were resorted to till at last the congregation became weary of the business. The pastor secured a call with a higher salary, and the First church returned to the old system of having a bachelor to fill the pulpit.

When the Rev. Thomas Ridgely, unmarried, stepped into the pulpit vacated by the pastor with a family, none of the congregation except a committee who had been sent to hear him preach had seen him. As he stepped forward to begin the service a few of those who understood the cause of the frequent resignations of the church's pastors looked at one another meaningly. He had fiery red hair and enormous joints, while his complexion was a freckled brown. If these persons had spoken their thoughts they would have said, "At last we have a man whom Tris Severance will let alone."

Beatrix, who was in her accustomed seat in her father's pew looking up at the minister, was of the same opinion. However, when he sent his first word rolling over the congregation it was like the lower notes of the organ. There was scarcely a member of the congregation but admitted that Mr. Ridgely possessed a resonant voice. It seemed not to make any difference whether he raised it or lowered it, the effect was the same. When he spoke in those tones that are intended to be impressive, but are usually inaudible, his most subdued note could be distinctly heard in every part of the house.

But when Mr. Ridgely began his sermon it was evident that his voice was not his principal attraction. There was a depth as well as a fervor in everything he said that went both to the understanding and the heart. For the first time in years the congregation of the First church realized that they were under a powerful influence. They listened, every eye and ear intent upon him, till he had finished; then a murmur of satisfaction broke the stillness.

When the sermon was over and the congregation were passing out of the church the hum of conversation was entirely about the new pastor. "Where did the committee pick him up?" "What does it mean that such a man will accept our little salary?" "He'll be called somewhere else within a few months." These were some of the comments made, and all were encomiums on Mr. Ridgely. But there were a few, a select few, who looked at the matter from a different point of view. With them the question was, How world Beatrix Severance stand in the matter, or would the clergyman be driven away by her as the other bachelors had been?

What were Miss Severance's thoughts or intentions no one knew, for she kept them to her own sweet self. Every Sunday she attended service, at least once, and sat listening to the clergyman's words without betraying by her expression an interest in him personally. Nevertheless the congregations soon noticed that she was weaving the same spell over him she had thrown about the others.

Then a low murmuring began to be heard against the girl, who, it was to be inferred, would drive out this gifted man. They had failed to find fault with her in the other cases, for the men were not talented and could easily be replaced. But here was a wonder who, when they lost him, could not be replaced. Indeed, there was not a member of the congregation but feared that at any moment he would receive a call elsewhere at a far higher salary than they were paying or could afford to pay him. Should Tris Severance be allowed to deprive them of their prize?

An informal meeting of those who understood the matter was held at the house of Mrs. Deacon Stoneham, wherein it was discussed, and the result of the conference was that the deaconess should request her husband to go to Deacon Severance and ask him to warn his daughter to keep hands off the new minister. Deacon Stoneham called on Deacon Severance, and the two were closeted together for the space of half an hour. Then the visitor withdrew, and Deacon Stoneham called Beatrix into the room, closed the door and informed her of the subject of the recent interview.

"Papa," said Tris, "what do you wish me to do?"

"Nothing so far as Mr. Ridgely is concerned."

"What does the congregation wish me to do? Have they mentioned any reference to Mr. Ridgely that they object to?"

"I don't know that they have."

"Well, you may tell them for me that Mr. Ridgely had best be let alone with reference to his treatment of me and I had best be let alone with reference to my treatment of him."

This ended the conference between father and daughter. What report he made to those who had taken it upon themselves to admonish Beatrix through him was not known, but it was probably not very satisfactory, for the feeling against the siren increased, and it was not long before she began to get the cold shoulder from certain members of the congregation. One thing was noticeable—the relations, so far as they appeared between her and Mr. Ridgely, were by no means changed by the fact of her admission.

One day Mrs. Harkness met Mrs. Gooding on the street, and the two ladies stopped for a chat.

"Have you heard the news about our pastor?" asked the former.

"No. What is it?"

"He's had a call."

"I knew it! It's all that m'nix Tris Severance's fault. She's driven him out as she has driven out the others."

"He hasn't accepted it yet."

"But he will. Do you know what salary goes with it?"

"They say it is double what we are paying."

"Then he's sure to go."

The news spread that the church's idol had received a call, and it was generally conceded that it was preliminary to his leaving the place on account of having received a refusal from Beatrix Severance. Then it began to be known that in his new field he would receive double the salary he was paid by the First church. Meanwhile the feeling of antagonism toward Tris was growing like a rolling snowball. Some even suggested that in the event of their losing their pastor she be brought up before the church and tried for unseemly conduct. But the absurdity of such a course was apparent when some one asked in what form the charges would be made.

One Sunday, after reading the usual notices, Mr. Ridgely said that since it had become generally known that he had received a call he would say that he had declined it and would remain with the First church.

Great was the astonishment at this announcement. What did it mean? Was the man crazy to refuse